

Morgan has grown tremendously as a writer over this past semester. I'm very proud of all the work that she's done and am continuously amazed at her ability to write really great poetry. She has such a sense for flow, and her story telling is always so meaningful and compassionate. This particular poem is one that I really enjoyed working with her on. She told me that she got the idea for it when she'd wake up in the morning and see the fog rising off the pond near her house as the sun rose in the distance. I see this poem as an inspiration for life--that it goes on even after it's done.

~Eric Harper, Tutor

The Ferryman

By Morgan Taft

Along the shores of the Mississippi
There once was a wee little boat
It had many ventures in and out
Yet it could still float

The boat had many untold stories
But there was more from inside
For beside the wheel was an old
ferryman
Who had eyes of the clear blue tide

Old had been the ferryman
Hands with wrinkles galore
They were long splintered from steering
his boat
That now sailed the sea no more

The ferryman had fought many battles
Of waves deep in the sea

Yet none could topple the small sturdy
boat

That rests on the Mississippi

His life belonged to the ocean
It ran deep in his veins
But after the blood stopped flowing
When his body ended its rein
(The sea inside kept going)

Then one day a great mist came blowing
in
Forcing the boat out to sea
The ferryman would go, but ne'r return
To the banks of the Mississippi

It would be his final voyage
Never again would he visit the shore
The ghost of the ferryman took hold the
steering wheel
And sailed towards the sunset once more.